

Stranger Passions

You twirl your body and stretch your limbs. I observe your motions from your bedside. It's a surreal experience to watch your body unwind after we make love. Your skin trembles with a thin sheen of sweat. Your toes wriggle as you try to get comfortable. Your breasts sway lightly and I stare at their movements mesmerised.

You catch me staring at you and smile with mischief evident in your eyes. I am lying with a hand supporting my head up, elbow on pillow. My eyes never once detract from the beautiful sight that is your naked form.

You thrust your breasts outwards in a lascivious fashion as you raise yourself up like a rising goddess. Your long tresses of blonde hair fall like melting honey upon the black pillowcase. Your tongue darts out of your mouth and you lick your bottom lip to tantalise me. You know it works.

I charge upon you like an animal possessed. My body shifts and I am lying above you, holding you down with a maddening gaze. My larger hands entrap your dainty wrists. My bigger arms encompass your tinier frame. Our faces are inches apart. You breathe out slowly – the warm air exhaled tickles the sensitive skin of my face. It tastes like beer, lipstick and me.

I dip my head lower and take your lips with my own. Their red colour has long been ruined with our activities through the night. They stand out in their natural pink, except more swollen than usual. I take your lower lip in-between my own and suck on it, pulling it away gently.

Your breasts titillate as you heave deep breaths. My lips never leave your skin as they travel. I nip at your ear, my tongue runs up and down your lobe. I let go of your wrists and begin to tweak your rapidly erect nipples. I move my face to the hollow of your neck and lick upwards slowly. You shiver underneath me, and I bite lightly into your neck. Your hand winds into my hair and grips it tight. With every hickey on your exposed flesh, you tug on my black strands harder. I groan at your antics and kiss you with all the force within me.

A few minutes pass and you sigh in relief as our warm, naked bodies touch each other. Carefully, I extricate your hold on my scalp. Your wide, brown eyes belie your confusion at being pushed away. I smile reassuringly, but you don't seem reassured.

My head moves downwards as my body contracts inwards. My legs push back and I take some steps to lower myself appropriately. Your eyes shine in understanding when you observe my movements. You look away from me and close your eyes, straining to keep them closed.

I lay feather-light kisses and pecks along your body as I continue my journey. No inch of flesh escapes my lips. Every part of you is just so beautiful, so endearing, so intoxicating. Your creamy skin calls to me like a siren. I kiss your lips, your cheeks, your chin, your neck, your shoulders, the undersides of your breasts, your flat stomach, your cute belly button, those thin hips leading down to your thighs.

You're adorably nervous. I can hear your breath hitch the closer I come to it. My hand travels in-between your thighs and you rigidly keep them shut, unwilling to let me through. I remove my hand and kiss along the skin, coaxing you, convincing you, and reassuring you.

You whimper, but steadily, your resistance crumbles. You spread your thin, white legs and I get my first look at your centre. It's beautiful, dark pink and moist with desire, the musty smell of our lovemaking still emanating from it. I kiss the tissue beside it and you hiss in disappointment.

I tease you, by running my tongue round the centre, coming ever so close, but refusing to go all the way. You writhe above me, your hands creeping onto my scalp again, knotting into my black hair. You twist and turn the strands, trying to steer me forward, right in the spot where you want me.

You're slowly losing patience and so am I. I bring my lips close to it and exhale lightly. Your body shivers in anticipation and you moan. In one quick motion, my tongue touches you and its electric. Your grip on my hair becomes more restricting. You're pulling me ahead, subtly directing me left and right, up and down, just the way you like it.

I kiss your nub, and blow onto it. The little pink bundle of nerves stands so innocuously at the tip of it all. I lower my mouth to it and inhale it, keeping my teeth away at all costs. You shake greatly, and a small scream escapes your lips. Your thighs, previously relaxed, instantly wrap around my shoulders, pushing me ahead from the back of my neck. You're choking me.

I grip your thighs in my big hands and pull them apart as I continue to suck. Your body is shaking, you're whimpering the whole time, your hand is tugging onto my head and your thighs are fighting for dominance. My tongue defies you and penetrates your centre, feeling your insides and waving to and fro. Your lower body rises from the bed like a daemon possessed.

My right hand leaves your thigh, allowing its hold on me to worsen. I remove my tongue and trace your nub with it instead and you begin to calm. With great caution I squeeze a finger in where my tongue was. Twisting it into a hook, I touch your insides as my tongue runs up and down your centre of nerves crazily.

You shriek and your body thrashes. I feel like I'm drowning in your violent squirms, but I soldier on. All of a sudden, you seize up entirely. Your bottom jumps off the comforter and I have to work to keep holding on and administering my ministrations. You make one mighty tug on my hair and then fall back down, limp and boneless. You sigh relaxed, your eyes half-closed in satisfaction.

I remove my mouth but you barely notice. Your juices oozed heavily on my face, dripping from my chin as I slobber it up hungrily. I fall down beside you in bed and you bunch your body beside my own. Arms and legs flail, as we find comfort in your tiny dorm bed.

Your head rests just below my own on my chest. I scrunch and blow out, removing strands of your blonde hair that tickle my nose. My heart lies just below your head and it beats steadily. I think you're finally reassured. Your breaths even out and soon you're fast asleep. The even rise and fall of your chest against my own confirms it.

I idly trace patterns on your exposed back to while away the time as sleep eludes me. My right hand drapes over your body and pulls the blanket on us closer. I settle in for the night and sleep claims me eventually.

My last thought before losing myself in the land of dreams is a musing, a wonder almost.

What is your name?

This was a very weird one-shot that came to me out of nowhere. The characters are whoever you want them to be. In my mind it was Harry and blonde OC: you decide who blonde OC is.

Try not to flame, this is the product of sleeplessness and rekindled inspiration (I think the source of the inspiration is pretty obvious).

~ Gatonio.